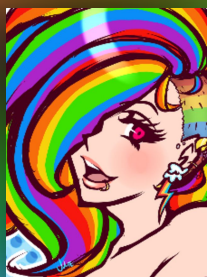




Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# Somewhere, Over the Rainbow



👁 51   ✓ 4   ★ 3

## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Your rainbow locks belong more inside an episode of Jem and the Holograms than on the streets of Boise, Idaho. Mom complains about what the neighbors will think of you, and Dad just grunts over a newspaper. But you don't regret blowing your birthday money for one glorious month of colored hair that'll make a jawbreaker jealous.

Man, you can't wait to show Daryl.

## Chapter 2 by Florenceia



You're just an average looking girl in an average town born to average parents, but inside your anything BUT average. With your crazy sense of humor, your never ending creativity, and your mind that sucks in everything like a sponge no one seems to be able to keep up with you, except Daryl, of course.

The hair is just a little doorway to the crazy kingdom inside of you.

Your alarm blares in your ear at 6:10 as usual, but today instead of slamming your hand down to silence your clock you bounce out of bed with surprising excitement for a seventeen year old on a Monday morning.

You jump into your bra and a white t-shirt. "OK YW" scrawled across it in bright big letters. You find your pants in the closet. In the bathroom you put in your five pairs of earrings. You look in the mirror and more look at yourself. Satisfied with your clothes, hair and multiple ear, nose and mouth piercing you thunder down

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

the stairs and grab a banana. The door closes behind you letting in a flash of sunlight and a whiff of the smell of spring with it.

With a bounce in your step you take off down your street heading strait for the bus stop.

### Chapter 3 by Florenceia



As you get closer to it you see the outline of a person bending over a big book. Who else could that be but Daryle.

You swing around and land on his lap, sitting on his book.

"Anything different 'bout me?" You whisper in his ear.

"I don't know?" "Did ya get braces?" He jokes around winding your hair in his hand.

With a smile you lean against him and wait for the bus.

You and Daryle have been best friends since second grade. He was always picked on because of his weight and his habit of picking his nose. You were the only girl who went near him. THat struck a spark and here you are eight years later still friends. There's never been anything romantic between the two oft oh, never will be.

### Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

See more of Story Wars

Write a comment...

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account